

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A. T. PARKER  
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## THE DEBATE

BETWEEN REV. WILKINSON AND  
MYSELF AT RYAN, IND. TER.

Has Been Conducted With Pleasure  
and Profit to Myself, and I Be-  
lieve, with the Same to All Can-  
did and Compensated People Who  
Heard It, Whether Infidel or  
Christian, Including Rev. Wilkin-  
son Himself.

In giving an account of the discus-  
sion between Rev. Wilkinson and myself  
at Ryan, Indian Territory, beginning  
Monday night at 8:30, August 29, and  
ending the following Thursday night,  
with two sessions a day of two hours  
each, making for each of us, 14  
speeches of a half hour each, or 7  
hours for each of us, I want to say  
that Rev. Wilkinson and his friends  
and my friends and our mutual  
friends, whatever they may think or  
say, one of both, of my judgment in  
the matter, will at least give me full  
credit for my sincerity in what I say,  
and I say this with the understanding  
that the Blade is to exchange with  
the "Gospel Searchlight," the paper  
of which Rev. Wilkinson is an editor,  
with one or more of his brothers who  
are also preachers, and with the inten-  
tion of reprinting from his paper, in  
full what he should report about the  
debate, and of giving to him any and  
all opportunity to say, in this paper,  
absolutely, without any restriction,  
even though disparagingly personal to  
me, anything that from accident or  
preference he may fail to say in his  
own paper.

Soon after the beginning of my re-  
ply to his opening speech, having  
the affirmative of the first question,  
he politely requested that I should not  
refer to him as "Reverend," as an in-  
stance of good taste for which I com-  
mend him and which I would com-  
mend to others of the clergy, so that  
I will speak of him as "Mr. Wilkin-  
son," or perhaps abbreviate that, not  
through any purpose of discourtesy,  
but for brevity in the many uses of  
his name that will be necessary in  
this report.

Some persons there called me "Doc-  
tor," and one old and venerable and  
learned gentleman who had come  
from some place in Texas, 450 miles  
away, that being a State in which  
there are cities 1,200 miles apart,  
apologized for his insistence on call-  
ing me "Judge," saying that was the  
title that he thought naturally and  
properly applied to me, while he de-  
precated the use of the word "Broth-  
er" that I prefer as my only prefix, he  
saying that that word had been so  
abused and so misapplied that he was  
not willing to call me merely "Broth-  
er Moore."

Of course to the complimentary pre-  
ferences of all such I most respectfully  
defer, though I would not court such  
titles, and really think it possible that  
they might, to some extent, do me  
injury, though such titles are given  
me by those who are really my  
friends.

There could, of course, be no im-  
propriety in calling Ingersoll Colonel,  
because he was actually a Colonel in  
the Federal service during the civil  
war.

I being a non-combatant through-  
out that war, doing good, as occasioned  
served to each side, and most for the  
Confederates, as the most needed as-  
sistance, would decidedly prefer to be  
recognized as one of the very few  
Kentuckians who are not Colonels,  
because that tends to put me in a  
class my ownself, a distinction that  
has given me whatever of fame I have  
been born to, achieved or had  
 thrust upon me.

So that while, altogether, I am un-  
der the impression that the clergy,  
as a general thing, court and accept  
their high sounding titles, simply as  
a gratification of their own personal  
vanity, though opposed to their own  
teacher who is reported to have said  
"Be ye not called Rabbi," I can real-  
ize now, perhaps more fully than be-  
fore I personally met Mr. Wilkinson,  
that there may be some preachers  
who really do not like the title Re-  
verend, though I believe we all under-  
stand that newspapers believe that  
all preachers, the occasional disbeliev-  
ing to the contrary, believe that  
preachers feel flattered to be called

Reverend, and other titles of compli-  
mentary distinction, and that in the  
usual pandering of newspapers to the  
clergy the very fact of a preacher's  
disclaiming any desire for any re-  
verential title is the very best way for  
him to secure that title.

At the same time it is but fair that  
I should say that the fact that news-  
papers, of the ordinary secular kind,  
do not pander to preachers is evinced  
by the fact that an exceedingly com-  
mon item of news in all secular news-  
papers, is the exposure of priests and  
preachers for a great variety of  
crimes, especially those of a sexual  
nature, that they are said to commit.  
I had never heard an oral debate of  
any kind, religious or anything else,  
until I was personally a participant  
in this one, and I had never read any  
religious debate, except the three, in  
which Alexander Campbell, my pre-  
ceptor in both my classic and my  
theological college courses, had de-  
bated with Owen, Rice and Purcell,  
respectively infidel, Presbyterian, and  
Catholic and these were read years  
ago when I was preparing myself for  
the ministry of the Christian, or  
Campbellite, church, and the latter  
name of which I, a few times, used in  
the debate with Mr. W. only to dis-  
tinguish the sect of which he is a  
minister, and of which I formerly was,  
from the other religious sects all of  
which come under the general name  
of Christians.

I made the explanation in my re-  
cent debate, and showed that I would,  
even now, as much as when I was a  
preacher, be prejudiced against the  
name "Campbellite," because my con-  
tention is that my grandfather, Barton  
W. Stone, an exceedingly modest and  
greatly loved man, established that  
church, which is to this day the most  
advanced of all orthodox churches, in  
1803, and that Mr. Campbell, never  
came to America, and thus, for the  
first time, head of that church, until  
1811, when because Mr. Campbell was  
ambitious for fame, he systematically  
wrested from my grandfather the dis-  
tinction of having started that church,  
and of having started it far in ad-  
vance of any orthodox church, then  
or now existing, and that Mr. Camp-  
bell gained this undeserved leadership  
in this church, but have emphasized  
in its doctrine and unwritten creed,  
the dogma of "baptism for the re-  
mission of sins," a teaching that  
Stone recognized as New Testament  
teaching, but which Stone regarded,  
as he should have done, as a very  
unimportant matter, and to which  
Campbell gave such secreted promi-  
nence, that this doctrine of baptism  
ought to be almost the whole engrossing  
distinction of the sect that, individ-  
ually, generally, bears his name,  
though a great centennial meeting of  
that church, last year, at Cave Hill,  
in Bourbon county, Kentucky, at  
which the crowd was reported to be  
from ten thousand to fifteen thou-  
sand, indicated that the silent and un-  
complaining merit of my grandfather  
who was also a teacher and a schol-  
arly man, and more loved than any  
man who ever lived in Kentucky,  
were again asserting themselves and  
that he would ultimately be recog-  
nized by the Christian, or Campbellite,  
church as truly the founder of that  
religious sect, of which of course will  
be justly regarded as a sect like the  
others, notwithstanding its protests  
to the contrary.

Under these circumstances it will  
be easily understood as I explained  
in debate at Ryan, that I do not use  
the term Campbellite, invidiously, as  
it was at first used, but rather that I use  
it against my own very natural prej-  
udices, and purely to distinguish our  
particular sect that calls itself "Chris-  
tian" as my grandfather taught they  
should do, when Mr. Campbell's con-  
tention was that they should call  
themselves "Disciples," the two men  
quoting the same scripture, Act 11, 26,  
in justification of their respective po-  
sitions, and the church deciding in  
favor of Stone.

I say all this about Mr. Campbell,  
as I intimated, in a few words, in  
the debate when I claim to know Alex-  
ander Campbell from all the angels of  
his character, social, grave, humor-  
ous and theological more thoroughly  
than any living man, his own sons not  
excepted, neither of them knowing or  
caring anything about theology and  
ing the great and famous theologian  
who was one of three great scholars  
who ordained me to the ministry of  
the Campbellite church.

In spite of all of these facts I was,  
when I came to read the debate he

(Continued on page four)

## DR. WILSON DESCRIBES HIS SEA TRIP

To be suddenly transplanted from  
the middle of a great continent to  
the middle of a great ocean, is a  
change startling and strange. It is an  
entrance to a new life, to an environ-  
ment to which we are completely  
strangers. From reading in the ad-  
vance, school reader, Byron's "Apoc-  
alypse to the Ocean," I was early im-  
bued with the sense of the majesty  
and sublimity of the sea.

I should imagine and almost feel the  
rapture of the lonely sailor; I could  
almost see "the glorious mirror where  
the Almighty's form glances itself in  
tempests—dark-heaving, boundless,  
endless and sublime."

Then again, my spirits were to be  
somewhat dashed by Washington Ir-  
ving's description, in the same reader,  
of his first voyage, in which he de-  
scribes the sea, after the first day's  
experience, as monotonous and tame.

I said to myself, I would like to know  
which is right, and I, too, will write  
my impressions. If it should ever hap-  
pen that I would make an ocean voy-  
age—a dream indulged in that far  
time, without ever a hope of realiza-  
tion.

Big time works wonders, and here  
I am, exchanged as if by magic, from  
rocking and bouncing about on a  
load of hay, to the upper deck of this  
great ship, bounding over the heaving  
billows.

The Start.

On Wednesday evening of the 17th  
we left the pier at New York. I will  
not attempt to describe the hurry and  
commotion and the farewell of friends  
and the waving of handkerchiefs and  
all the human interests and emotions  
incident to an occasion of this kind.

This, you know, is a very new ex-  
perience, and I am not accustomed to  
traveling by sea—a thought not spoken,  
nor even seen in my countenance.  
And all the gaily and cheer and  
bon voyage, there dawns the dread  
dread over the minds of those who  
go down in great ships to the sea. It  
is a thought that comes instinctively  
to those who leave, and to the friends  
left behind.

Will the journey be safe? Will the  
loved face return again are the secret  
thoughts of those who bid and wave  
farewell. This ominous sense of dread,  
born of the sense of power, which pro-  
duces the sense of littleness, will al-  
ways be associated with the sea.

Steaming Down New York Bay.

Slowly we were towed down the  
bay, surrounded upon all sides by  
scenery of unsurpassing magnificence.  
The drafts of all nations, with thou-  
sands of our own, were steaming in every  
direction.

The receding distance toward the  
monuments of human skill and irre-  
pressible energy—the mighty city,  
greatest among nations—combining  
the genius of all the modern world.  
As we passed the Goddess of Lib-  
erty, I removed my hat out of respect  
for what she was intended to repre-  
sent, but I said: "Oh, Goddess! what  
crimes have been, and are committed  
in your name! Would that thou truly  
represented all that the standest for—  
the Liberty which is born of Jus-  
tice, of Freedom, of the Declaration  
of Independence, I pity thee, oh God-  
dess! that thy bronze cheeks should  
blush at sight of American subjects,  
who pass thee by. Still, I salute  
thee for the good intent that is im-  
bued in thee."

Slowly down the bay we drift, past  
great liners, fruit laden from the Sun-  
ny South; past returning, sloops and  
smacks, weighted down with the flots-  
jams of the past great sails from India's  
coast; past gay excursion parties,  
returning from a well-spent day  
among Nature's wilds; past ocean grey-  
hounds burdened with human freight  
brought from art and from tropic climes—  
and then past the great forts—last  
Sandy Hook, then out into the Great  
Ocean.

The great ship turns her prow east-  
ward, and all her mighty machinery  
—throb-  
—cleaves and fairly  
—scum-  
—white

sight. The night is fast approaching.  
Silently, as we stand, straining  
our eyes to catch the last sight of  
that best land, of every land the  
pride—the land of our birth and home.

Parting Thoughts.

What a world of thought surges  
high in every breast! In mine, there  
arose the thought of friends, kind  
friends, young and old, scattered all  
over a continent, in city and town,  
by mountain and vale, and in far  
prairie home—friends who had made  
this voyage possible to me. And I  
thought too of loved ones, in the far,  
far west, upon whom the golden sun  
was still shedding his gliding beams.

They say that absence makes the  
heart grow fonder—that it makes it  
full of memory—that it strengthens  
the affections—that it teaches the  
value of old family things—that it  
reaches over the dark parting—far o'er  
the moon-tinted billows, to friends  
and to dear ones, who still keep our  
image in some kind dream.

It is a strange feeling one experi-  
ences, standing alone upon the deck  
in the darkness of the night—the ship  
cutting through the snowy banners of  
the inky waves—the sky and stars a  
million miles above you—ten thousand  
feet of liquid brine below, and only a  
plank between you and eternity; for  
though mighty and powerful the ship  
may seem—commanding our pride and  
awe, it now with all its freight of  
merchandise and human souls, but a  
speck upon the face of immensity.  
What a sense of littleness comes over  
us in such an hour!

Ah! 'tis then that memory wears a  
soft accusing brow. You will think  
of the tender word left unsaid—the  
many acts of kindness that went un-  
manned. Half reproachful, will arise  
many things left undone, and unre-  
warded; and too, you will realize  
how much you love, how much you  
are beloved. There is that feeling  
comes over you, as of the first faint  
whisperings of—Death, and you feel  
his chill presence all around you.

We are now steaming through the

light is flashing  
at intervals. It comes from the great  
electric reflector on the tower above  
Sandy Hook, thirty miles away. It is  
the light that guides the vessels of  
all nations safely into the harbor.  
Gradually it grows fainter and faint-  
er, and finally is swallowed up by the  
inky darkness, and I say to myself, "I  
am glad that the last sight of my  
country was the flash of light that  
emanated from the brain of infidel  
genius."

And so, "My native Land, Good-  
Night!"

August 19—Sunrise on the Sea.

I was early on deck to witness for  
the first time the sunrise on the  
ocean. One bright star was still shin-  
ing down near the horizon and in-  
stinctively I said:

"Thou lingering star with lessening  
ray.

That early loves to greet the morn  
Again thou interest in the day."

Soon the pink and crimson streaks  
creep blushing up the whitening East,  
and presently the great red sun in  
her full round glory, seems to rest  
upon the polished bosom of the sea.  
High up he rises to the perfect day  
shooting his piercing beams into old  
Oceans darkest depths, and awaken-  
ing the voracious monster from his  
sluggish slumber.

To fully describe the emotions one  
feels, the first time he looks upon or  
rides upon the ocean is not an easy  
thing to do. This great, restless,  
heaving tempestuous sea—a link be-  
tween nations, yet ever dividing them,  
beggars description.

It impresses people differently.  
Some gaze upon it the first time with  
awe, some stand rapt in astonish-  
ment, some are filled with a poet's en-  
thusiasm, some are overcome, and  
stand mute in the presence of such  
exhibition of quantity and power,  
some see only a great monotonous  
wanton waste, some are entranced  
with a faint visions and murmurs of  
eternity, and some give a look, tumble  
into a hammock, light a cigar and  
bury themselves in a magazine or  
novel.

Something more or less of all these  
feelings have come to me, but I think  
I can best describe the feeling most  
dominant in my mind, by relating the  
incident of an old woman who gazed  
upon the ocean for the first time.  
She was poor, had labored hard,  
made many sacrifices and had expe-

(Continued on page two.)

## BLADE NOT ISSUED LAST WEEK

The Blade was not issued last week  
from a combination of circumstances  
that is not likely often to happen—  
the fact that matter for the paper was  
not supplied to its printer, owing to  
the absence of some of its principal  
writers and the silence of other of its  
principal writers.

Dr. Wilson was on the ocean, on his  
way to Rome, to attend the infidel  
Congress there, I was in the Indian  
Territory, twelve hundred miles away,  
in the debate with Rev. Wilkinson,  
and Mrs. Henry, it is supposed, was  
away from home, and Mrs. Cloar, for  
some reason unknown to me, is rare-  
ly, if at all, writing for the Blade now.  
Of course some of the persons, ex-  
cepting myself, are under any obliga-  
tion to write for the Blade at any  
time and they have done all that they  
have done as a pure gratuity for the  
good of the great cause that we advo-  
cate, but they have done this so long  
and so faithfully, and so ardently, and  
with such applause and honor, and  
love, from Blade readers, that we had  
gotten to claim them as part and  
parcel of the Blade and their silence  
would make an immense hiatus in the  
interest of the Blade.

Of course we had intended that they  
never expected, or would ever  
accept, any financial remuneration  
for their services, even if such ser-  
vice could be adequately requited by  
any amount of mere pecuniary com-  
pensation, and this paper would be in  
no condition to even partially com-  
pensate them, had they expected such  
and all Blade readers understand that  
as compensation, other than the an-  
swer of a good conscience and their  
own intellectual and literary enter-  
tainment was ever expected by any  
of them.

I only elaborate this point because  
there are many, including myself, who  
are not clear-headed enough to see the  
reason of it.

I am not able to explain why. There  
has not been, so far as I know, or can  
imagine, even the smallest unpleasant-  
ness between her and the Blade.  
On the other hand at the time Mrs.  
Cloar ceased to write regularly for  
the Blade her writings were, contin-  
ually, being complimented more and  
more.

I suppose her silence is accidental  
and that she will again write for us  
as in the past.

Mrs. Henry may have been com-  
paratively silenced by the injury that her  
husband, Captain Henry, received or  
she may have been resting through  
the summer, or may be traveling.  
The temporary silence of Dr. Wil-  
son will doubtless, be even more than  
compensated by the increased interest  
of his letters about Europe and the  
Rome Congress.

As for myself, my experience with  
our infidel brethren in the far West  
and with Rev. Wilkinson, in the de-  
bate, has been such as very greatly  
to increase, if that were possible, my  
interest in the great work in which  
we engaged.

This increase of interest in my own  
case, has been effected by the fact  
that the debate with Mr. Wilkinson  
has enabled me more thoroughly to  
assure our people of the perfect im-  
pregnability of our position, and also  
by the greatly encouraging fact that  
I found in the West that our infidel  
people, men and women, are people  
of the highest standing morally and  
intellectually.

And, altogether, I believe that  
readers of the Blade will be amply  
repaid for the loss of one issue.

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feed in fine farming country in Chip-  
pewa County, 34 miles from city,  
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The National Liberal Party will  
hold its next Congress at St. Louis  
on October 22, 23 and 24th. Import-  
ant matters will come up for discus-  
sion.



Charles C. Moore  
Editor



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ALCOHOL"

I believe that alcohol, to a certain  
degree, demoralizes those who make  
it, those who sell it, and those who  
drink it.

I believe from the time it issues  
from the called and poisonous worm  
of the distillery until it empties into  
the hell of crime, death and dishonor,  
it demoralizes everybody that touches  
it.

I do not believe that anybody can  
contemplate the subject without be-  
coming prejudiced against this liquid  
crime.

All you have to do is to think of the  
deaths—of the suicides, of the in-  
sane, of the poverty, of the ignorance,  
of the distress, of the little children tug-  
ging at the faded dresses of weeping  
and despairing wives, asking for  
bread; of the men of genius it has  
wrecked; of the millions who have  
struggled with imaginary serpents  
produced by this devilish tincture.

And when you think of the jails,  
of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of  
the scaffold upon either bank, I do  
not wonder that every thoughtful man  
is prejudiced against the damned stuff  
called alcohol.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"Keep Church and State forever  
separate."—GRANT.

"In no sense whatsoever is this gov-  
ernment founded upon the Christian  
religion."—WASHINGTON.

"The divorce between Church and  
State should be absolute."—Garfield.

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specialties of great merit. Hills &  
Rose Co., Medina Wis.

## DOCTOR WILSON DESCRIBES HIS SEA TRIP.

Continued from first page.

Ienced many sorrows. I longed to look upon the sea. Finally the opportunity came, she gazed long and wonderingly. Her old face softened as touched with a holy peace and finally she exclaimed: "Thank God! here is one thing much for every body."

And so I felt, as I gazed about with only water in sight all around me. "Thank God (or whatever that vague word means), here is one thing enough for every body."

### The Sea Is Free.

The governments of the earth portion out the land, leaving no spot unclaimed or uncontrolled. For they intrude and fight like wild beasts to gain unjust possession of that which is not their own. Those who fight and shed their blood do not even share in the rewards of victory. Only the few reap the benefits and glories of conquest. All over the world, the great mass of humiliated slaves, upon whom the government relies for defense and conquest, have not even standing room they may call their own; yet there is land in plenty for all—salt it is so divided up that only a few enjoy it.

But man cannot divide the sea. Free unconfined and unclaimed, the waves of the interminable ocean breathe their crisp smiles. Free and unchecked, "Storms" and "whirlpools" low loud over the bounding deep.

### The Great Sea Is Free to All.

#### The Sea Typifies Humanity.

In many things the sea is typical of humanity. Its vastness seems to breathe the sad undertones, the mournfulness, not only of ancient life, but also the heart sorrows of the world today. Its restless waves breathe the ever repeating disappointments, which are necessarily waiting on the lives of the toiling despairing masses. It has its great undertone of passion and monsoons of violence, and like the apparently peaceful nations of men, no matter how smooth and peaceful its surface, war universal reigns in its depths below. There too, the strong and powerful prey upon the weak and helpless, showing that in this respect, nature has not evolved far out of the savage instincts of our early ancestors.

#### Its Transforming Power.

But of all the wonders pertaining to the sea, the greatest perhaps is its transforming power of sleep.

be due to the fact of our evolution through the fish. Even the infant, when it is first permitted to paddle in water, seems to have discovered that he is in his native element. Boyhood has no greater delight than that of swimming. Men choose their habitations by lakes and streams, and those reared inland, have ever an inexplicable longing to seek the sea, or other large bodies of water.

And once looking upon, or living by the ocean, it is inevitable that feelings, habits and associations which heretofore have been strangers to us, but with which we quickly become familiar. If somehow seems to break up the settled fountains of nature and lifts the mind to thoughts high and great as the jutting cliffs which beetle o'er its surge. It is said that when one becomes the adopted child of the ocean, his sympathies for the land can never be entirely lost. All other realities of life become comparatively tame. He is ever bounding in dreams over the foaming billows—ever sighing for the toiling element, even as the caged eagle sighs for the roar and army light of his mountain cataract.

Ever dearer this associations become, reckless of the dangers they involve, for the most fearful and oppressive exhibitions of nature are associated with the ocean, which in it rouses itself in its countless strength, shakes a thousand shores with its storm and thunder. Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest, and armaments made by the strength and courage of millions perish among its bubbles.

### The Theater of War and Trade.

Notwithstanding the little pompous word of man is but the mere plaything, still persistent, unconquered and unconquering humanity has ever made it the theater of power. Two centuries ago Sir Walter Raleigh said: "Whoever commands the sea commands the trade; whoever commands the trade of the world, commands the riches of the world and consequently the world itself."

The great ocean liner or battleship is one of the highest triumphs of man's skill.

At first he moved upon the water in a frail bark slowly urged by an oar. The bark, at length, arose and spread its wings to the wind. Today, he constructs and propels great engines of flame and vapor and through the darkness and solitude of the sea, as over the land, goes thundering on his liquid track.

The mastery of the trade of the world today is being contended for upon the sea, where too, thrones will be won and lost, as they have been won and lost in the past. On the face of Actium was suspended the empire of the world. In the Gulf of Salamis the pride of Persia found a grave; and the "tiresome" forever rest in the waves of Navarino while at Trafalgar and the Nile and at Manila and Santiago, nations held their breath.

### The Cradle and Grave of All.

Strange that the sea which is the giver of human and all other life, should also be the scene of so much contention and death.

As I have stood looking down into its beautiful, blue depths, I thought not of the present and the living, but of the grave.

I felt myself tossing over buried land, that in far ages was blossoming paradise, and upon which forgotten men reared high their palaces and towers; over vast plains that once were dotted with great cities, teeming with pulsating ambitious humanity; over riches incalculable, unseen treasures, scintillating gems, burning gold, bright things never recked of—great argosies through whose wrecks the sea has raised rare and sliver monasteries and coral and gold, over groves of coral and halls of amber where bleached the bones of high brave heroes, the bones of countless thousands who sailed to sea, and for these reasons, the light in the window burned bright and long.

The sea giveth and receiveth all life, is its cradle and also its grave. It kisses the dry, dead earth with its waves. It is the life of the sea. The sea rushes bounding through every leaf and vein. Its mista run into rills and its rills run into great rivers which ever return to the sea the life that it giveth—the cradle of all—the grave of all.

### Aug. 20—Mid Atlantic, 1,000 Miles Off.

Today, I have somewhat a different tale to tell. I am not quite so contemplative. The sea is somewhat lacking in majesty and beauty. No longer do I delight me. Strange, vague feelings, as if from some far internal depths come, over me.

Until last evening the sea was beautiful calm. Today the waves are dashing high and "the Almighty is glancing himself in the tempest," the light in the window is "boundless, endless, heaving and boundless," and it has set nearly all on board heaving. I wish that it held a cord. Trusts are good things in their places. Excuse me, she said to you.

Later—Well, what about the fishes? I had fish for breakfast. Here is well illustrated my statement that the sea takes every thing back to itself.

When I was a schoolboy I was given to indulging sublime thoughts, and would walk along repeating to myself some high-sounding quotation.

The following phrase "Old Ocean's Grey and Melancholy Waste" sounds particularly apt and big to me. I would try to make out how "old ocean" could be "melancholy," and of the opinion that it was "blue" not "grey" and thought I saw a mistake of the poet who wrote it. (Milton: "I never did fully understand it until a while ago when I observed the 'grey and melancholy' expression of the passengers as they crowded the railing, and the waste was in such abundance that immediately, and for the first time in my life, I comprehended the full meaning of the rather strange expression.")

But it is not good to dwell too long on a thought involving your stomach. I can write no more. I feel that I shall never be able to compose another thought. There's a kind of inward "make way for liberty" feeling takes possession of me, which makes me to cut loose from everything and everything. I do not even care for life. I am grey, I am melancholy. I am "wasting" away. I care for nothing. There are intervals when Time is precious, and—up! this is one of the times.

### August 21st.

No change of content except that "old ocean" is taking on all the colors of the rainbow. The "melancholy" remains, and the "waste" continues. I no longer believe in the poetry written about the ocean. Byron was just trying his best to be sublime when he wrote:

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!

I don't want it to roll. I wish it would stop. There's no poetry in rolling, a man all over the deck, and out of his bunk. The poetical ocean and the real ocean are different bodies of water after you are two days out.

Now there was Tennyson. He too wrote poetry about the ocean.

Once upon a time he stood on top of a high English cliff and commanded the waves to break themselves on his

the cold grey stones when they came up to the shore, just as if they wouldn't do that anyhow, whether he commanded them or not.

But there are some parts of that poem which peculiarly expresses my feelings just now, and with your patience I will quote it in full. I may not be able to give like this Tennyson wrote it, but it reads like this:

Break, break, break,  
Break, break, break,  
On thy cold grey stones, O sea!  
But don't be bumpin' the biscuits,  
And the puddin' out o' me.

Oh, it's well for the fisherman's lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay,  
But it isn't well when I'm turning  
Inside out all day.

And the stately ships may go  
To their haven under the hill,  
But only my stomach were still.

Break, break, break!  
On thy cold grey stones, O sea!  
But Oh! for the soup that is vanishing  
Forever and ever from me.

### August 22nd.

Last evening at midnight there was an electrical storm. The lightning zigzagged right out of the heart of a great thunder cloud which hung over the Eastern horizon. It was just what I wanted to see. I wanted to see storm and thunder and lightning, that I might be inspired to paint a great work picture of the night.

When I saw it in all its mightiness, beauty and fear. But it came at the wrong time for me to be inspired to paint worded sea scenes.

The disposition from which I have suffered for the last two days has not abated in the least. A man can't enjoy lightning if he is sucking himself. He is not disposed to strike the English together in bright weird colors.

This morning the sea is running high. It is "deep and dark," and while it is so grandly rolling on, most of us are rolling off our chairs or our feet. If I sit, I am sicker than when walking about. If I walk, I too, just "roll on." No one need ever tell me again that Byron's "Apostrophe to the ocean" is either sublime or beautiful. Yesterday morning, a young Englishman, very cheery and drollish, and with a broad brow, observing the "grey and melancholy" aspect of my countenance, came up to me and said:

"Don't you see, sir, that the sea is out of three whistles slow. It is 'three whistles slow' in the evening, and times it again, and declared it was 'six whistles slow' He timed again this morning and declared it 'nine whistles slow.'"

You will see by the above bulletin that my symptoms are steadily progressive in character. But I'm keeping up my courage. I have made the start for Rome and I want to go on, even if I have to "roll on." But if that dude comes around this evening and declares that my pulse is any more "whistles slow" I'll begin to wish that I was back to that old Kentucky.

### August 23rd.

Richard is himself again today. The sea is calm, the sun shines bright and warm, and my stomach has reconciled itself to steamboat hash. I will not attempt to describe the many interesting and amusing incidents of my trip, as this letter has already grown to a weary length.

I attended divine service in the cabin at 10:30 a. m. Sunday, one of the officials conducting the same. We had hymns and prayers and reading from the Bible and the English liturgy. Special prayer was offered up for "good King Edward and President Roosevelt, and all other rulers of men, that they 'may be rich in grace and overcome their enemies.'" I told some Englishmen after the service that I knew of no one that needed it more than Ed and Ted, and if the Lord in any way humbled with this couple, I would be compelled to cut his company, and besides, I don't see why they should pray for "overcome enemies," when they proposed to love them and forgive them and turn the other cheek, etc.

We have seven preachers and a Trappist Monk on board. With all this profusion of piety, I have been fearful of losing Mettinity to the bottom of the sea; for the recent disaster of the Slocum and others would indicate that the Lord is for sinners, clergy and that it is dangerous to set out to sea with them.

The name of the priest is Rev. Patrick McWalters, St. Melody Abbey, Cappoquin, Ireland, and very literary, political and genial companion. I found him to be a good fellow and a fund of general information. He did much to make my trip pleasant.

I did not see the Rev. Father, but the priest is a very good fellow and a fund of general information. He did much to make my trip pleasant.

John Harie, a young gentleman from Galway who has been attending Notre Dame University, Indiana, and who is returning to Ireland on account of bronchial trouble, was a very delightful companion. His mind is a storehouse of choice poetic gems, and his rich Irish brogue added to their beauty. I particularly regret that these two new-made friends, whom most probably I will never meet again.

To-morrow we will reach Queens-town and will drop our mail with the Baltic, which passes us bound for New York.

We will reach Liverpool Wednesday night. This great ship, plunging its way through the billows, pushing them by like playthings, speeding through them almost as fast as a railway train over its smooth steel track, ever commands my increasing awe and admiration.

As I have stood looking over the stern railing, down into the raging waters, surrounded by a white foam by the mighty twin screws and have not of these 5,000 tons of steel and freight, and human life speed through the billows, as a bird "wings the air"—and as I thought of the canoe and sloop of the sailor, who down the human mind was in the bondage of fear, I said: "Ah! here is thought unchained."

Here is liberty and freedom symbolized, as I have never felt it before. Here science sits enthroned. Here are invention, mathematics, application, persistence, concentrated genius—the phosphorescent glow of intellectual inspiration.

How puny it seems the profoundest wisdom of the great thinkers! How insignificant the biography, and speeches of the greatest statesman. How trifling the victory of the great warrior!

How grandly, gloriously, gracefully sweep the clouds and storm and tempest and raging foam, never ceasing her motion for one moment—"speeding" as Ingersoll says, "for 3,000 miles without ever missing a beat of her mighty lion heart."

How she softens down the austerity of our nations by linking them hand in hand, by making them acquainted with each other.

Ah! here is human achievement, arising from toil and crime, here is utility, comfort, happiness and intellectual interchange, here is practical progress, ever pushing on to newer futures; here is thought on the march, leaving far behind it, in its wake, the froth and foam of fable and dream, while startling the monsters of superstition that sluggishly slumber in the darkness depths." J. R. W.


## MRS. WILSON'S LETTER AND THE EDITOR'S COMMENT

Mrs. Alma K. Wilson in her letter in the Blue Grass Blade says among other things: "Do you know that I very believe that you lose, or ought to lose, the respect of subscribers by the mere publishing thoughts along that line as embodied in such a letter as the 'Eccelesialist Boycotters.' The author of that letter says some very witty things, so I suppose, said Aaron Burr about Benedict Arnold, but there is so reason so contemptible, so sad in its results, as the treason against the home, which is shown in the thinly veiled but really coarse view that this man takes of his country, that the world will not so good as it used to be as some think, it is because our ancestors would have blushed to make use of the coarse language which pictures coarse thought in the minds of men who should protect the world from the stain of this age from contamination by word or act."

Now for the Moore comment: "I have no idea what that fellow said about marriage or who or when you being right about it." Mrs. Wilson in her diatribe is "next to" an article of mine published several weeks ago. I referred to the ministers of Hagerstown, Md., joining in a boycott of divorced people in the baptismal font. I considered it a good and fit subject for Free-thought comment. I paid my respects to the Rev. Gen's as best I could. I was not writing to please Christians of either male or female, but I have to give a regard for our Free-thought ladies and gentlemen to use any coarse language or to suggest any immoral tendencies on the part of anyone.

The editor of this paper, I think you are indulging in journalistic license in the fibbing line when you say that you did not read the article. I am satisfied that you are too shrewd to allow anything of an immoral tendency to slip the editorial quarantine. Mrs. Wilson has certainly misunderstood some expression of mine for I certainly never entertained any departure from our marriage union, except that I am opposed to a religious minister to his sworn duty when he is asked to marry any one who is, by the State qualified to be married.

I am a married man and have been for 23 years and I am not seeking any divorce. I believe that those marriages that are not agreeable to both parties



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should be dissolved in as quick time as possible. I do not see any immorality in this. Mrs. Wilson may take an honest and opposite view of this matter. It is her right. It is mine to maintain my own. I will be plain. A woman who is not living in harmony is apt to find a trifle of pleasure in the company of friends of the opposite sex, and this sympathy is likely to lead to worse conditions and as in several instances that I know of, they may each maintain dual relations. If all parties had been divorced and remarried they would have at least had a legal covering for their doings. Mrs. Wilson, of course, cannot have had the chance to observe the character of mankind as I have. She has seen society in their best and I have seen it in all its phases. I know that it is not amenable to any polite rules or usages, as a mass. I had the same motive as did Mrs. Wilson in writing my thoughts to the Blue Grass Blade: viz: to aid in maintaining morality.

If Mrs. Wilson had consulted her illustrious husband before leaping in the dark she would have saved me the effort of having myself compared with treacherous people, and the rough and ready acquiescence of an editor, chivalrous but hasty. I want to assure Mrs. Wilson that as a rule, Free-thought people are not given to divorce. It is the Christian who "bites off more than he can chew in the matrimonial line." I have ventilated my views on divorce in the Blade before and I received many encomiums from Blue Grass, male and female. It is the usual thing for the Christian to claim all virtue and bestow all vice upon the Atheist.

I trust that Mrs. Wilson will accord me the same right to my views as she would to her own. She will have our special editors' approval as readily as she obtained it before. I am not a flatterer of women and am not a ladies' man, but I do not want any woman's disapproval. All I ask of her is to read that article, and I trust the editor will look it up and focus his bifocals upon it and see if there is any lurking immorality smuggled into the Blade through it. I am not in opposition and always court controversy but I never stoop to anything like vulgarity. Sexual matters are naturally mixed up in theological discussion. We must discuss them not for vulgarity, but for enlightenment. If no one ever disturbs the purity of the ladies' minds more than I, they will not suffer from satiety. The questions in the Blade are most too advanced for children, but will never have a thousandth part of the harm that a perusal of the Bible will. I still think that Mrs. Wilson is hasty. I write for the advancement of Free-thought, and it would be the last one to try to be witchy that I care. I am sorry that this matter had to be referred to as such questions are likely to make strained relations between old friends. I appreciate Mr. Moore's upholding of his wife's wife and therefore overlook his whimsical indorsement of her Christian view of Atheistic views.

I once read Cass. Reader's "Put Yourself in His Place," and I have always since tried to apply that doctrine to my opponents. If the others will do the same I am sure they will soften their expressions and not try to injure a man's reputation in a public journal. My motive was pure from GAL. TEN-BLADE. I have not one word to eliminate from that article. I am satisfied that Dr. Wilson will find no fault with it. My wife is also a Christian and I am often amused at the queer ideas she advances in favor of religion. She, however, does not attend church any more regularly than I do, which is not at all. We have both forgotten how the inside of a church looks and I believe neither of us care. "With malice towards none and charity for all" I ascribe myself proudly.

JOHN F. CLARKE,  
Arlington, Md.

HE READ DOG FENNEL

Washington, D. C., Aug. 17, 1904.  
Brother Moore: I have just finished reading Dog Fennel in the Orient and

must say that I enjoyed it more than anything I have ever read and I can not see how "any fairminded man or woman can consistently say that still believe in the Christian religion. I would like to say here for the benefit of yourself and readers of the book that you are a little twisted on the old business as a method of calming the sea. I have traveled on the ocean several years and have experienced one ship wreck in my times and I would set you right as to the true purpose of the oil that is thrown over the bow in case of storm. The oil is used to prevent the heavy seas from breaking in a chopped up sea which is liable to part at the top and thus engulf the whole vessel and send it to the bottom. It does not calm the sea as some might suppose and use as an argument for Jesus in his supposed miraculous calming of the tempest, but it simply to keep the water together as above stated.

Enclosed find clipping from New York Journal which you can print if you desire with comments. I suppose they will be trying to get this man to Rome as another evidence of their religion. I have seen the Statue in Philadelphia, the fake shroud in Turin which they tried to paint off on their dopes, and the marble steps in Rome that you would not go up on, I think they would be another feather in their caps.

Hoping you can't print Dog Fennel fast enough to satisfy the demand I remain yours truly with the interest of getting some subscribers for it if possible.

J. W. HUDLOW

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# THE DEBATE.

(Continued from first page)

tween Mr. Campbell and the other parties that I have mentioned, they are roughly disposed with the dominating and brawling spirit in which all of them, except Owen, the Infidel, conducted their respective parts of the debates, and will the ally and unsatisfactory arguments, real or so-called, that were set up by all of them, including Owen the Infidel.

Mr. Campbell claimed, and I think did so once to me in personal conversation, that Purcell the Catholic, was the fairest debater he ever met, and that Rice, the Presbyterian, was the most unscrupulous one, and this is my recollection of them from having read them in my young method.

But it was then, as now, regarded by all Protestant preachers as a good stroke of policy to defer to a Catholic as against any other Protestant, and it is not at all my recollection that Purcell was at all considerate of the feelings of Campbell. I never heard that he reciprocated Campbell's compliment of him.

Owen, on the other hand, I think was kind and gentlemanly, but candid and fair, but largely, until real or so-called, were the same glittering generalities, without practical and forceful application that characterized all of Mr. Campbell's preaching and classroom lecturing, for the years that I heard him as a student under him.

Under these circumstances, I determined that if I ever got into any oral debate with any preacher, that I would, whatever other deficiencies I might display, be guileless of any unkindness or personality and these I so successfully avoided in the debate with Wilkinson that he complimented me almost to fulsomefulness on that score, saying that I was showing myself, in debate, far more admirable than he had thought he was warranted in expecting.

He went so far as to say, incidentally, if not in plain words, that I was a greater man than Ingersoll, until simple ordinary modesty, for the possession of which I have not always been given any great credit, made me interrupt his speech to call him down by pronouncing his encomium upon me as being evidently propitiously as Ingersoll's reputation, even apart from his anti-theological utterances, was that of the greatest American orator, in the estimation of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who thus introduced Ingersoll at one of the latter's lectures in Boston. I am sure that I have no reputation at all, among Infidel propagandists or among any others.

To be candid, while Wilkinson and I exchanged compliments on the rostrum of the United States Court room, in which we related, and it was and still is, my duty as a gentleman and fair man to give him the benefit of all doubt it would be at the time, and does so now on matters of consideration that Wilkinson's behavior was to magnify my importance in order to appreciate himself by the relation he was assuming to me. I being as he repeatedly said a man whom the Infidels had imported from a distance of 1,200 miles to tell him the product of the wild Western prairies, entirely self-made, except that he had had access to the "Lives of the Fathers" and the "Lives of the Saints" in his library, and that he had been in the West, true, but all the circumstances, as they are recollect, by those who remember the preliminary conference, indicate that he was really a man of his own home, a "Furber of the West" that I was herded by my friends and that the whole matter was done as much as a professional on the part of my friends and myself, no distinction, if any being as a whole in which I had been engaged for many years, and for all that I speak of in which I had had most to do, to be except, as a preacher, in the same religious sect with Mr. W.

If then, under these circumstances, I had done nothing more than to show myself a courteous and fair-minded gentleman, as Mr. W. and all other Christians and Infidels, men, women, adults and children, so far as I was concerned, and in view of kindness and respect and civility for me instead of the ruffian that he said he had expected to see me, judging as he said from my utterances in my paper, I believe I would have been heard of as a good fellow, and cause shamefully to compare with the expense my friends and I have borne to go to the far off home.

But, to not "speak that which is by any means, all that I accomplished by my discussion with Mr. W. Wilkinson is a big, the "Lives of the Fathers" and the "Lives of the Saints" looking on, without any of the ordinary presocial pretension to sanctity. On the evening of our 3rd meeting he introduced to me a rather pretty and lady like wife, who through the whole time of the discussion was very affable to me, and on the last night of our meeting came on the rostrum and bade me a kind goodbye, and I was, and still am,

perfectly sincere when I said to Mr. Wilkinson and his wife that I would be glad to see them at my own home in Kentucky.

This many of my readers will recognize as a change from my ordinary estimate of preachers as expressed in the Blade, and is more than I would say to any priest or preacher now living in Lexington. If I had to be beaten in religious argument it is probable that I would elect to have the job done by a man of more prominence than Wilkinson, and for him I possibly have some more than ordinary sympathy from the fact that he represents the church to which I formerly belonged and there would, therefore, be some modicum of glory coming to me from that fact. But apart from the fact that he is not a man of great distinction—nor even so much so in his department as I am in mine—I have never met any man from whom I would have to receive my Waterloo of defeat, if that had to be done, than Wilkinson.

Necessarily without any large educational advantages he, nevertheless, has pat, all the argument for his religion that I ever read from Paley's Evidence or Butler's Analogy, or Alexander Campbell, or John W. McCarty, or, has for years resisted all my efforts, by handiwork or denunciation, to induce him to meet me in religious argument.

This has always seemed to me as specially strange in view of the fact that on one occasion, McGarvey—a Campbellite preacher, educated in the same college that I was, he being now the best posted preacher in Kentucky and having added to the ordinary theological curriculum, a visit to Jerusalem and the "Holy Land"—on one occasion, in Lexington, walked into the pulpit of the Broadway Christian church, having in his hand a copy of the Blue Grass Blade, from which he preached to an audience of 2,000 "men only," and, in the course of his remarks said "Charley Moore has said some hard things, but I never caught him in a lie."

That was when my influence was scarcely a title of what is now, and that influence seems to be continually on the increase under such circumstances that it can hardly be possible that McGarvey, a natural debater, who accounts for his thus ignoring my presence while I am influencing thousands of people where he influences hundreds, on the supposition that he knows that there is absolutely no argument for the truth of the Christian religion, or of any of the various other religions, but that they have to be received on faith, as Wilkinson said; faith being but another name for credulity, a disposition among superstitious people, to believe stories which assert the supernatural, without sufficient evidence.

Wilkinson did not seem to me to be a man who was dispassionately trying to find the truth, but a man whose purpose was to beat down his opponent, in the estimation of those who heard, regardless of the real argument in the case.

He said it was his duty to meet any objection that was found to the Bible with the best argument that he could make.

He is also a lawyer and in defense of a client he would do his duty to the position being that the other side will also make the best argument it could make and that a jury would decide which was right.

But I contended, as I still do that in the discussion in which we were engaged the duty of each of us was to try to gain the truth and that we ought to make admissions and concessions when we saw the argument was against us, and in several instances I gladly conceded that my position was not well sustained when by dogmatic tenacity I would not have had to do so, but could have maintained my view even better than he defended untenable positions that he assumed. The two instances of quotation of the Bible that I admitted I had misapplied are Jeremiah 25: 27 and Romans 3: 7. In the first of these God is plainly represented as directing the prophet Jeremiah to tell the people to stop drinking and eating and to stand up and would have to fall down and vomit, and in the latter of these passages Paul seems to use the same method to show that Christians are in order to promote the glory of God.

To the first of these passages Wilkinson's reply was that the language was metaphorical and did not literally mean what it said.

He defended his position with apparent fairness and plausibility, and I conceded that he was right and that I was wrong. But in claiming the right to say that a plain statement was a metaphor he, of course, must concede to me the right to use meta-

phor to explain parts of the Bible when that plain suited me, and so I would only have to say, as indeed many Christians do, that the whole story of hell, as given in the New Testament is a metaphor, and he does not, at all, mean what he says, and if the story of hell is a metaphor of course the story of heaven, as given in the New Testament might also be a metaphor, and the conclusion he that Jesus did not mean to teach that there really was any such place as heaven, but that, speaking in a parable, as was his habit, he only meant to say that people would be happy by doing good, a most prominent intention that is made by Infidel writers including myself, in my Infidel paper.

Of course in the same way the whole story of the crucifixion of Jesus and his alleged resurrection from the dead, could thus be made a beautiful and consistent and poetic allegory, all thoroughly in harmony with the Oriental style of teaching morals as was done by Esop in his famous "Fables" and by Jesus in his parables, and all of this was the natural and necessary logical sequel to the demand of Mr. Wilkinson that he should be allowed to explain away, as being mere metaphors, teachings of the Bible that he admitted when literally construed, to be thoroughly immoral.

The passage in Romans 3, 7 seems to express the opinion of Paul that it is right to lie for the glory of God and this seems to be in harmony with teachings in the Old Testament where God is represented as saying that he will put a lying spirit into the mouths of certain prophets.

The method used in Romans 3, 7 is called the acoustic method from a plan of argument used by Socrates in which he asserted nothing, but only questions, and these questions were so arranged that if an opponent of Socrates could not answer them, Socrates gained by his opponent's inability to do so, while if his opponent could answer them Socrates lost nothing, and the plan was strikingly like the scheme of argument which says "Heads I win; tails you lose."

Paul had been in Athens where Socrates had lived and was familiar with this one-sided method of the famous Grecian philosopher, and seems to have used it.

But at the same time it is true that the context in which this passage occurs has the same muddled and indefinite peculiarity that Peter attributed to the writ on my opponent's record, and I had written "some things hard to be understood."

Mr. Wilkinson made an exegesis of this passage about lying for the glory of God that was creditable to him, and I just admitted, because I wanted to be fair and even generous that he was right and I was wrong in my understanding of them.

On another occasion when we were discussing the "burning bush" from which a voice came to Moses, Mr. W. and I conflicted in our statements and he seemed to accept my view of it which opposed his argument, but while he was speaking, I found out that I was mistaken and I interrupted him in his speech to explain to him that I was mistaken and that he was right about it, and I tried, most conscientiously, to act in this way through all of the discussion.

But when it came to Mr. W.'s time to reciprocate my fairness, he would not at all do it, but claimed as he plainly said that it was his duty to make the best argument for his side that could be made, his purpose seeming to be to argue for victory rather than for the purpose of eliciting truth.

He simply assumed that the Bible was true, while the proposition that "The Bible contains fundamental errors" was one of the two questions in debate, and then his whole argument was to sustain that presumption, when, evidently, under the circumstances, his plain duty was to take his Bible just as he would any other book, including various other Bibles of different religions and from the evidence regarding them, internal and external, determine whether or not the Bible of his particular religion was the true and only true one.

I will give some examples of the way in which Mr. W. not only declined to be as generous with me as I was with him, but in which he persisted in maintaining his position, by untenable on any principle of logic or exegesis that would apply in any literary criticism other than that of the Bible, though it is true that in so doing, he took the position of the strongest defender of his faith. In arguing the genuineness of the Pentateuch—the first five books of the Bible—I took the position that they were not written by Moses not only because they all speak of Moses in the third person, but that one of them gives an account of the death of Moses and says that Moses was buried on Mount Nebo and that no man knows the place of his burial until this day, the words "until this day" indicating that the man who wrote that must have written it a considerable time after the death and burial of Moses, and the inference being that whereas the Jews would naturally want to know the exact spot where the grave of Moses was and had long tried to find that spot they had never been able to do it up to the considerable time after the death and burial of Moses at which the writer, in Pentateuch, wrote. And that Moses could not have written the Pentateuch because it gave an account of the death and burial of Moses, when Moses could not have written the account of his own death and burial, was the evidently sensible position taken by Bishop Colenso, of the church of England, and yet Colenso was allowed to retain his position as a Bishop in that church, in a government where church and state are combined, and it was from many inconsistencies like this, in the Pentateuch, that were urged by Bishop Colenso, that Ingersoll, in my opinion, got the facts from which he produced his famous "Mistakes of Moses."

I made this point in order to show that this most important part of the Jewish Bible upon which Wilkinson principally founded his argument for the existence of God—our first issue in discussion being the statement "There is no God," he differing—to show that this important part of the Bible is without any accredited authorship and therefore is not genuine.

To my position Wilkinson made the usual reply of the Christians that Moses had written all the main parts of the Pentateuch but that the account of the death and burial given by the Pentateuch had been written by some one else.

Wilkinson said that it was common for persons to write biographies of the lives of men and attach them to the books of those men; that generally these biographies have been placed in the beginnings of such books, but that in the case of Moses and the Pentateuch this account of the death and burial of Moses had been put at the end of the writings of Moses.

We all know that when such biographies of writers are given by another person, the name of the writers of the biographies are attached to the biographies, and that the two books, the one of the main writer and the one of the biographer, are plainly made separate and distinct.

In the case of Moses and the Pentateuch, however, there is no break in the account of Moses while he was writing and the account of his death and burial—written by some one else in any way, that it is not all written by the same party, and the assumption of Mr. Wilkinson that there was another party who wrote the account of the death and burial of Moses has to be maintained the false theory of Mr. W. that it is his duty to make the best explanation that he can in defense of his religion, even though there is evidently no logical defense that can be made.

(To be continued.)

## OUR FEAST

WILL BE ONE OF THE MOST IMPART EVENTS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

It is too bad that Dr. Wilson is not in this country at present to boom our St. Louis Congress. Nevertheless those of us who are most exert our utmost to make our next meeting one of the most important events of the World's Fair.

The German Liberal Society of St. Louis holds its convention in the World's Fair and slight feeling. And has invited all sister organizations to co-operate and has extended a general invitation to all Freethinkers to participate in the deliberations.

That society was very anxious to have the National Liberal Party meet at the St. Louis on the same dates but as Dr. Wilson, our President, will not return to the United States until Oct. 15 it is impossible for our Society to meet on the same dates. The arrangements will be perfected which will even prove of greater advantage to all. All of us will want to spend a few days at the Exposition. So will all who attend the German Liberal Society's meetings. That body begins its sessions on Saturday and adjourns on Tuesday night. The National Liberal Party meets on Saturday, October 22. This leaves Wednesday, Thursday and Friday for taking in the World's Fair and slight feeling. What a treat! Three days between the end of the German Liberal Society's meetings and the beginning of the National Liberal Party's Congress.

Just what we want. So let all who possibly spare the time and money spend ten days in St. Louis, beginning with October 15th and ending with October 24th. One thing I want to arrange for the members and friends of both the societies and a dollar supper in a garden if the weather will permit and if not in a hall, I want to see five hundred hands

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## OUT IN CALIFORNIA

The Triennial Conclave of Knights Templar will be held in the early Fall. Thousands are going. It's a good time. There is no doubt but that all good Americans desire to see the Golden State some time. Here's an opportunity. Is there anything to prevent your taking advantage of the exceptionally low rates announced for this occasion?

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seated at our supper—not the Lord's supper—no wine—and I want to see wit and humor flow instead of beer and wine. This supper shall be known as the "Freethinker's Feast" and a feast it will be.

Dr. Wilson will be our chief entertainer at that feast with anecdotes and the like gathered on his travels and Charley Moore will tell us what he has omitted in his Dog Fennel.

So commence to make up your mind and parties to go the St. Louis in the middle of October and try and be there as near the 15th as possible.

M. S.

### NOTICE.

In the Blade of August 25th was published the Constitution and By-Laws of the National Liberal Party. It is hoped that every member of the Party will read it carefully, and those desiring to propose any change be requested to communicate with the Secretary at an early date. The Congress meets in St. Louis on Oct. 22, 23 and 24th. Address Morris Sachs, Secretary, Atlas Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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